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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST

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(INVARIA BLY IN ADVANCE)

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REAR THE BRIDGE.

By T. V. MASON.

To Charles Vignoles, Esq., M. R. I. A., on the building of the Grand Bridge, County Waterford.

Rear the bridge, thou son of Science,

Heed not murmurs—heed not fears,

Span the river—span the current,

Spite of jealous—spite of jeers.

Great the labor—broad the river,

Swift it sweeps—deep it flows.

Fear not, Scholar—Mind shall conquer,

Perils cease where Genius flows.

Teach a lesson, new and daring,

Teach it to a timid age—

Bold and trusting, plan the battle,

Soul with Matter's might should wage.

Teach the nation how to venture,

Teach the nation how to soar—

From lofty deeds, from bold encounter,

Slave-like, let us shrink no more.

Faint and weary—tired and crippled—

Long the old high-way we trod—

Slaves of Custom, dark and downcast,

Crawling to the church-yard sod.

Cease this servitude—cease this woe—

Of the wretched, weak, and old—

New ideal—new creation!

Onward, Scholar, and be bold.

MY AMBITION.

By DENIS MALLON.

It is not to be rich in wealth untold—

Not to be lord of broad and boundless lands,

Of pastures fair, of teeming herd and fold,

Of waving crops that glitter like the gold.

That alone is my true ambition's end—

Not the mightiest king that ever reigned,

With iron sway, o'er countless willing slaves—

Nor yet the proudest viceroy that's been named.

A fame built on a thousand bloody graves,

Not my ambition hath a higher light—

Aims not at wealth, nor power, nor fame in war;

But I would wish to feel in manhood's night

The joyous thought—life's journey's ending near.

In memory travelling o'er that path again—

That I had been throughout my wandering here,

A benefactor to my fellow men.

The Political Prisoners.

A meeting of the Organization Committee of the Amnesty Association was held in their rooms, Mechanics' Institute, Dublin, Mr. D. Moran in the chair. The Secretary read communications from several important towns in England and Scotland in reference to the forthcoming demonstration in Dublin, on the 23d ult. He was directed to inform the correspondents that in a few days a full programme of the arrangements to be made would be published. Mr. O'Hea, the Hon. Sec. of the Maryborough local committee, said that all arrangements had been made to make the meeting a success in that town. The various localities in the Queen's and King's county, Kildare, and the neighboring counties, had entered into the cause most warmly, and it was expected that the Maryborough meeting would be the most important yet held. After transacting the routine business the committee adjourned.

A Mormon Paper Approves of the Santiago Slaughter.

SALT LAKE, December 9.—Much indignation is caused this evening by the leading article of the Deseret News—the Mormon organ—endorsing the action of the Cuban authorities in executing the captain and a portion of the crew and passengers of the "Virginius." "Such a vessel," says the News, "with the flag she carried, was liable to seizure, and those on board to capital punishment, by the nation against which the offense was committed, and this is no more than the authorities at Cuba have done, and we believe the law of nations will justify their course, even should it prove that the vessel rightfully carried the United States flag."

A HANDSOME GIFT.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has given £250 for the benefit of the Boffin and Shark Islanders and £300 for the Claddagh fishermen.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

CUBA.—MANY SPANIARDS IN FAVOR OF AN IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF THE "VIRGINUS."

Havana continues quiet. The feeling on the question of the delivery of the "Virginius" has experienced considerable change lately. Many Spaniards are in favor of an immediate and quiet delivery of the vessel to the United States authorities, thinking a contrary course would place them in open rebellion against the Government of Spain.

The leading officers of the volunteers held a meeting recently, at the residence of Senor Zuleta, President of the Casino Espanol. Zuleta subsequently informed an American gentleman that the "Virginius" would be delivered quietly. It is reported that Zuleta has received a telegram from Senor Calvo, Representative at Madrid of the Casino Espanol, counselling the delivery of the "Virginius," and saying that Spain will afterward claim one hundred million dollars damages from the United States.

The proposal to send the "Virginius" to Spain, and then turn her over to an American man-of-war, is received with favor by the Spaniards.

Battalions of volunteers are forming.

United States naval officers at Santiago de Cuba report officially that the number of men captured on the "Virginius" was 155. Of these, 58 were executed. Of 102 now living, 14 are naturalized Americans; the remainder are of various nationalities.

CUBA.—MORE DISAFFECTION OVER THE "VIRGINUS" MATTER.

Telegrams announcing the refusal of the United States to allow the "Virginius" to be delivered to a neutral power create dissatisfaction in Havana, the impressions for the last three days being that the United States Government would consent.

The British vessel "Niobe" has arrived here.

BURRIEL TO RESUME CHARGE AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

General Burriel has left Havana for Santiago de Cuba, to resume charge of that department.

A BRITISH STEAMER ATTACKED ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The New Orleans "Times" says: "The Spanish cruiser 'Bahama,' who recently arrived at Havana, reports that while about thirty miles off the Cuban coast, a man-of-war, flying Portuguese colors, fired two shots across his bow. The Englishman, not fancying an interview in which he was no way interested, put on a full head of steam and showed a clean pair of heels, speedily leaving the pursuer far in his wake. The war-vessel at this juncture hauled down the Portuguese flag and hoisted the Spanish. Possibly the high seas have been declared 'no thoroughfare'."

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

DEAD—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE SURVIVORS.

A grand funeral service for those who lost their lives on board the steamship, "Ville du Havre," was held in Havre. Subscriptions for the survivors have been raised in France to the amount of 40,000 francs.

BAZAINE FOUND GUILTY AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH—APPEAL FOR MERCY.

Pouret closed his argument for the prosecution in the Bazine case on the 6th inst. He demanded first, Bazine's degradation; second, his execution.

Lachaud, counsel for Marshal Bazaine, in his peroration said:

"I deeply sympathize with the valiant soldier, who is overwhelmed by this terrible accusation. He is not a coward, but a brave man, and he is nothing but the loss of his honor, for the sake of his wife and children. I feel most for France, which will deplore the loss of a valiant soldier. Your Honor's patriotism forbids that you condemn him. You know what political trials are—on the spot, where posterity has raised statues to those executed after such trials."

Pouret replied, demanding that a terrible example be made, as a lesson to the rising generation.

Before the Judges withdrew, Bazaine said: "I have two words on my breast—'Honor and Country.' I have never been wanting toward this proud motto during forty-two years of service. I swear before Christ that I have not betrayed France."

After a long deliberation, the Judges declared Metz and of the army in the field, without doing all that was prescribed by honor and duty to avoid the surrender, and unanimously condemned him to death, and to be degraded from his rank previous to his execution.

After judgment was rendered, all the members of the Court signed an appeal for mercy, which Duc d'Annam immediately conveyed in person to President MacMahon. Bazaine was greatly agitated when he heard the decision of the Court.

THE "SHENANDOAH" LEAVES GIBRALTAR FOR KEY WEST.

The United States steamer "Shenandoah" sailed from Gibraltar for Key West on the 10th.

SHIPPING NEWS TO THE "VIRGINUS."—According to advices from the Gold Coast, both English and foreign traders, have been selling weapons and ammunition to the Ashantees. The government officials have already seized several vessels, and active measures were being taken to prevent any more of this illegal trading.

THE LATE AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

Victor Emmanuel and Chevalier Nigra, late Italian Ambassador at Paris, had a long conference on the 8th inst. It is understood that Nigra will return to Paris.

THE RUSSIAN GENERAL KAUFMANN INCURS THE DISPLEASURE OF THE CAZAR.

A special dispatch to the "Daily Telegraph" from its Central Asian correspondent says that General Kaufmann, by his wasteful and corrupt administration in Turkistan, and his conduct in the late campaign against Khiva, has incurred the displeasure of the Czar.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION AGAINST TURKISTAN.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says Russia is to send another expedition against Turkistan.

DRAFT FOR THE ARMY.

A ukase has been issued requiring that six men out of every thousand inhabitants of Russia, including the Polish provinces, will be drafted into the army.

GERMANY.—THE LEGISLATION AGAINST ULTRAMONTANISM.

The Landtag on the 10th inst. rejected, by 193 majority, the motion censuring legislation introduced by the Government, directed against the Ultramontane Catholics.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

The bill authorizing the raising of a loan for mitigation of the financial crisis has passed the Reichsrath.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH POSTPONED.

It is said that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the daughter of the Czar, has been postponed until February.

THE COMING CONSPIRACY AT ROME.

It is said that in the Consistory which is to be held on the 23d inst., seven Cardinals will be created, and Nuncios to Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna and Paris be appointed.

DAMAGING GALE IN CANADA.

A terrible gale passed over Ottawa. Several churches and many dwellings were unroofed, and a number of buildings prostrated.

The losses by the recent storm in Toronto and vicinity will probably reach \$100,000. Reports from various points indicate that the storm was of the most destructive character.

THE INSURGENTS AT CARTAGENA WELL SUPPLIED WITH PROVISIONS.

The Government squadron has not been seen in the vicinity of Cartagena for a week. The insurgents, in its absence, have been able to procure fresh supplies daily, and have captured several provision boats.

NOBODY KILLED BY THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM.

The report from London, dated December 10, that a large number of persons were killed by the railroad accident near Birmingham was incorrect. No lives were lost.

A STEAMER SUNK BY A COLLISION.

The British armor-plated man-of-war "Bellerophon" collided with the Brazil and River Plate steamer "Hamstrand" in the English Channel. The latter sunk soon afterward. All the passengers, officers and crew were rescued by the "Bellerophon" and brought to St. Vincent.

THE RUMORED EXPEDITION AGAINST CUBA.

The Cuban Junta says that they have no knowledge of any expedition being fitted out under Captain Bowen or any other person.

When on the 29th of November the protocol was signed by Secretary Fish and Admiral Polo the agreement was conclusive, and required no endorsement of the Governments of United States and Spain, as the basis had been previously settled by them. The stipulation of time, manner and place for the surrender of the "Virginius" and the surviving passengers and crew, reserved in the protocol, was signed on Monday. While the men will be delivered to a United States vessel at Santiago de Cuba, the vessel will be delivered at some port other than Havana, on Tuesday next, in daylight.

THE "ALBERT W. SMITH" NOT A PRIVATEER.

The rumor that the schooner "Albert W. Smith," which cleared from Elizabethport for Key West with coal, is a Cuban privateer is not credited by naval officers, who state that the Navy Department had recently purchased 7,000 tons of coal for the use of the squadron in Cuban waters, and that the "Albert W. Smith" was probably one of a large number of transports employed to carry it down there. That she should carry few articles of merchandise is not at all strange, but the object of the vessel is purely legitimate.

No official information has been received from Cuba confirming the reported resignation of Captain-General Jovellar.

The monitors "Ajax" and "Terror" will be ready to sail immediately. The frigate "Canadagua" is also being rapidly fitted for sea.

## IRISH NEWS.

THE ORANGE RIOT.

The magisterial investigation into the Orange riots, which took place in Portadown on the 12th ult., was continued in that town. When Mr. McSheehy, R. M., and Mr. Greer, C. S. I., were returning from the Court-house a man named Jas. Mullen, of Ballyworkern, who was under the influence of drink, accosted Mr. McSheehy, and, cursing him for a rascal, said he ought to be shot. Two policemen, who were near at hand, were called upon, and took the man into custody. He was soon afterwards brought before the magistrates in chamber, where Mr. McSheehy and Mr. Greer swore informations as to what had taken place, and a remand was granted.

A YOUTHFUL AVENGER.

At the Belfast Police Court, on the 10th ult., John Griffin, aged twelve years, was charged with the homicide of his father. The prisoner admitted having stabbed his father in the neck and back, as he was beating his mother, and was committed for trial to the assizes.

HEREDITARY AGGRAVATION.

The present Lord Annull has been appointed Lieutenant of the county Longford, in room of the late Lord Annull.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

A man named Pat O'roho, living at Grillich, a short distance from Longford, lost his life under the following circumstances.—On the 1st ult., the deceased was at the market of Longford, and returned to his home in a state of intoxication. When he arrived, he was unable to go to bed, and lay down on a pile of turf, near the fire. He had a box of matches in his waistcoat pocket, which ignited, and consumed his two shirts and waistcoat before the fire could be extinguished. The whole house was at once filled with smoke, and the deceased was unable to escape. He was found by a passer-by who was attracted by the screams and an unusual degree of light. He immediately entered the house and extinguished the fire but, unfortunately, too late to save the life of the unfortunate man. Dr. Peter, the medical officer of the district, was in attendance shortly afterwards, but found the man's chest and abdomen so severely burned as to be reduced to a charred mass; and death put an end to his intense suffering on Thursday, November 6.

A RESURRECTED FAIR.

The first fair for the last eight and twenty years was held at Newbliss, county Monaghan, recently. The supply of stock was an excellent one, prices were good, and the revived fair, in every way, was a great success. The revival is mainly due to the exertions of Messrs. James Kelly and Richard Kerr. Mr. Kelly, who now resides at Lisle House, Newbliss, had, up to a short time since, resided in the town of Cavan, and his friends in the latter place are at present taking steps to show practically the high esteem in which he was held while residing amongst them.

At the Ballinacree Presentment Sessions, Nov. 12th, the Midland Great Western Railway Company sought to recover £1,250 10s. for malicious damage done to some carriages and animals between Galway and Dublin. The Court awarded £200.

O'DONNELL FOR GALWAY.

It is rumored that Mr. O'Donnell, who has taken a leading part in the Convocation of the Queen's University, in opposition to the mixed education system, will be put forward as a candidate for the county or city of Galway at the general election, with the support of the Catholic clergy.

SCARLATINA IN CAVAN.

A virulent type of scarlatina is at present prevalent in the town of Cavan. Several children and adults are suffering from the disease.

BANQUET TO AN AGENT.

Mr. J. W. Scott, agent on Viscount Middleton's estate for the past twenty-one years, was, on the 4th ult., entertained at a banquet at Middleton, by the tenantry on the estate.

DANGEROUS ACCIDENT.

A serious accident—which is very likely to prove fatal—occurred lately at Terulla, near Thurles, through the careless handling of firearms. It appears that a young man named Benson was in the act of cleaning a gun by his own fireside, when a spark having touched the nipple, the gun, which was loaded, went off, lodging the charge in the side of a young man named Philip Fanning, who was seated at the fire reading a newspaper. Fanning, who was attending the gun, was attended by Dr. Cahill and Russell, who ordered him to the infirmary at Cashel.

PEACEFUL DOCKWORK.

The Castlereagh Quarter Sessions were opened on the 24th ult., and at the sitting of the Court Mr. Joseph Burke, Sessional Crown Solicitor for the county Roscommon, addressing the Chairman, Mr. Hamill, Q. C., said that he had been deputed by the Sheriff to present his Worship with a pair of white gloves as emblematic of the peaceful state of the Castlereagh district, not a single criminal case being on the calendar.

CATHOLIC AFFILIATION.

St. Colman's College, Fernoy, has been affiliated to the Catholic University of Ireland.

SIR G. DUFFY WILL NOT SACRIFICE HIMSELF!!!

A London correspondent throws doubt upon the statement that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is about to reside permanently in Ireland, in order to take an active part in the Home Rule movement, inasmuch as one of the conditions on which he holds his pension of £1,000 from the Colony of Victoria is, that he shall not absent himself from the Colony at any one time for a period longer than two years.

MEMBER FOR TIPPERARY.

It is stated by the Clonmel Chronicle that the Hon. Wilfred O'Callaghan, second son of Viscount Lismore, will stand for the county of Tipperary, in the Liberal interest, at the next general election.

POVERTY AND ENTERPRISE IN NENAGH.

There are 358 paupers in the Nenagh workhouse, which is four more than this time twelve-month.

A wooden bridge at the Nenagh railway station, for the accommodation of passengers, was opened on the 13th of November.

POLICE ATTEMPT.

The police of Derryadd, near Lurgan, recently seized four and a half pounds of bullets in a house. They also seized a gun, musket and pistol, all loaded and capped. In another house the owner of a pistol resisted its seizure by the police.

THREATENING LETTERS.

The magistrates at the Ballibrigan Petty Sessions have been investigating a charge preferred against Mr. Wm. H. Johnston, a resident of Skerries, and son to the late agent of Mr. Ion Trans Hamilton's estates, of sending a threatening letter, by post, to Mr. Henry Alexander Hamilton, who has been recently appointed agent for the estate. The Bench having heard some evidence, adjourned the case for one week.

CURIOUS CRIMINAL CASE.

A prosecution, recently, was instituted at Dundalk, against Samuel Godson and James Coulter, a guard and engine-driver, for an extraordinary piece of deception. It appeared that the train to which they were attached had run against stones placed on the line for the purpose of throwing it off the track, the driver alleging that he suffered severe injuries from the shock. Inquiries were set on foot, and it has been ascertained that the men themselves placed the obstructions on the line. They have been committed for trial.

A TRUE MURDER.

The Hon. Mrs. Ridley, deceased, was the sister of Lord Oranmore, and like him, this amiable lady would appear to have strong belief in her own infallibility on matters of religious faith. Her will was proved in April, 1869, wherein she declared: "That if any or either of my said children, in my lifetime, or at any time after my decease, shall become or marry a Roman Catholic, or shall join or enter any Ritualistic Brotherhood or Sisterhood, or then said in any or either of the said cases, the several provisions, whether original, substitutive, or acceding, hereby made for the benefit of such child or children, shall cease and determine, and become absolutely void." What a rare and noble memorial of religious liberty and parental solicitude from beyond the grave! May God forgive her!—Mayo Examiner.

STORM IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

On Friday night and Saturday morning county Mayo and district was visited by a severe storm which blew down a newly erected Catholic Chapel and did other damage.

FIRE IN KINGSTOWN HARBOR.

On Nov. 10th, the "Nangpore," a large East Indian, sailed into Kingstown harbor with clouds of smoke and flame breaking up through the deck. Fire had broken out in the cargo as the vessel was running up the Channel the previous evening, and the captain made for Kingstown as the nearest port. Fortunately for the crew, the ship was strongly built of iron, which resisted the flames, and enabled them to gain the land. A large number of small vessels were moored at the entrance to the harbor, and the "Nangpore" ran down three fishing craft, the master of one of which was drowned. All efforts to extinguish the fire having proved ineffectual, the vessel was fired into and sunk by the revenue cruisers. It was intended to avoid an accident by blowing up the vessel.

SENTENCE ON A BURGLAR.

At the Belfast Quarter Sessions John Murphy was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for burglary at Dunmurry. The prisoner was suspected of six other burglaries in this fashionable neighborhood of Belfast.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Two of the noble houses of England are about to send a daughter each to cultivate Irish ideas. The Duke of St. Albans daughter is going to marry Mr. George, of Kibworth, Leicestershire, and the Earl of Gainsborough's daughter is going to marry the eldest son of Sir Allan Bellingham, Louth. Earl Gainsborough and his family are converts to the Catholic faith.

SURRENDER OF THE CROWES.

Intelligence reached Cork that the two Crowes who, it will be remembered, disappeared after the murder of Mitchell, the steward of Mr. Joseph Gubbins, have surrendered themselves to Mr. Massey, J. P., of Tipperary. The father of the Crowes, and other members of the family, were under arrest after the murder, but were discharged for want of evidence.



## TRUST THY SOUL.

BY C. D. MURPHY.

Be true to thy soul's conviction,  
In and out of season—  
Thro' high success, or low affliction,  
Never bend to treason.  
The cloud, that low's this instant o'er thee,  
Soon may burst in splendor—  
Then quail not! Truth's bright Star's before thee,  
God is thy Defender!  
Heav'n's reliant,  
World's defiant,  
Onward, Brother, to thy goal—  
Success may meet thee,  
Cheer may greet thee—  
Heeding neither—Trust thy Soul.  
Ne'er thro' weak pride, or weaker terror,  
Stand in wrong persistence—  
If conscience tell thee thou'rt in error,  
Soon be consistent—  
That man's slave, who'd basely barter  
Mind for World-opinion;  
Far better die to Truth a martyr,  
Than live falsehood's minion.  
Heav'n's reliant,  
World's defiant,  
On then, Brother, to thy goal—  
Success may meet thee,  
Cheer may greet thee—  
Heeding neither—Trust thy Soul.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES  
OF THEIRISH NATIONALIST,  
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.Published Every Saturday at No. 409 Washington  
Street, San Francisco,  
Calif.

Nationalist Printing and Publishing Co.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it, have led to the formation of a Joint-Stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, under the title of "THE NATIONALIST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY." This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics:

1. The main object of the NATIONALIST shall be to assist in the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the futility of expecting Irish liberty from any other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist their brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.
2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.
3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.
4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all inflammatory references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen. Provided, however, that current religious news may be inserted without prejudicial comment.
5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discontemned, and its criminality exposed.
6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked, the attack shall be vigorously repelled.
7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy; and it shall neither advocate nor attack the claims of any political party or individual when seeking political position, Federal, State or Municipal.
8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.
9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.
10. The labor movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

The main object of this undertaking being the union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty, and there shall not be any deviations from these principles permitted in the columns of this journal under any circumstances. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the cloutier, benevolent, literary or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than our present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial cooperation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

The above is the declaration of principles which the Nationalist Publishing Company pledges itself to carry out to the utmost of its ability; and, as this company is organized solely for that purpose, and not for any purpose of gain, it confidently appeals for support to all Irishmen who desire to see their native land an independent nation, and likewise to all lovers of HUMAN FREEDOM.

## TERENCE BELLEW McMANUS.

## A LECTURE

Patriot, Orator, and Soldier.

General Thomas Francis Meagher.

Delivered at Irving Hall, New York, on April 10th., 1861.

In our issue of November 29th we gave a short synopsis of Father Sheehy's lecture on "THE MEN OF '48," in which he alluded to the gross and outrageous conduct of certain individuals in this community, who jumped the property of Mr. McManus immediately after his death and are still holding it through the influence of their wealth, and preventing the lawful heirs, Miss Isabella McManus, the only sister and surviving relative of the deceased patriot from obtaining the possession of her brother's property. We should here mention that the entire proceeds of the Rev. Father Sheehy's lecture have been turned over to the McMANUS TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE, who will also have the splendid oil painting of McManus, which was on exhibition at Platt's Hall, on the evening of the lecture, drawn for on January the 1st next at Irish Confederation Hall, and the entire proceeds from the sale of the tickets for the painting and lecture given to Miss McManus to aid her in defraying the legal expenses of the suit against the wealthy

## LAND GRABBERS,

who are a disgrace to the country that gave them birth and the religion they profess. In his address Father Sheehy read some extracts from a lecture delivered in New York, by that gifted patriot orator GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, on the LIFE OF TERENCE BELLEW McMANUS. It was a living co-patriot and fellow-exile who could not return to his native land, speaking of a lately deceased brother in the holy cause of Fatherland, who could not return, if alive, but whose remains the patriotic Irishmen of California sent to his native soil to be there honored and interred.

At the request of several subscribers we give complete in this week's issue that celebrated lecture delivered by General T. F. Meagher which we copy from the New York Phoenix, of April, 20th, 1861.

## THE LECTURE:

When the burst of cheering which greeted the appearance of Mr. Meagher had subsided he said:

The young Irishmen who, in 1848, ventured to question the authority of Daniel O'Connell, insisting that the cause of Ireland, as it was declared and understood in 1848, should not be compromised an instant, nor one iota, to facilitate in Ireland, the administration of the English Whigs, or that of any other English party, clique, family, or faction whatsoever—and who, in 1848, having come to the conclusion that an armed movement was the only mode which could secure the triumph of that cause, took to the hill-side, and invoked the military spirit of their race—these young Irishmen I have had, by this time, an equal measure of praise and censure, and, equally administered a superfluity of both. One grand feature, however, of their political association has seldom, if ever, been referred to; and yet it is one which I do not hesitate to say, powerfully increased whatever strength they derived from their own truthfulness or the consonance of their views and principles with the traditions, the impulses, and the great national endowments of the country. Personally and privately, intimately and thoroughly, they were friends—cordial and glowing friends—from first to last. One or two estrangements, it is true, occurred at the commencement of 1848, and these have not been since repaired. But, speaking of the young Ireland party as a whole—for it is to it that I have reference, and I use the popular designation which my political associates were known by, though there was not one of them who did not shrink from the designation, as it implied something less than the broad nationality it was their constant aim and fervid cry of cultivation.

Speaking of the young Ireland party as a whole, it is not exaggerative to say that it was a compact affiliation of young hearts and intellects which, having no rival interests, but a fund of sympathies, intellectual tasks and aspirations, personal resources, and many genial memories, pursued in common, were not susceptible of those jealousies and intrigues which, sooner or later, accomplish the overthrow of parties that have nothing but political ties to give them solidity and force. As a general rule, few will deny that political parties are the deadliest conspiracies against truthfulness, friendship, the freedom and natural nobility of intellect, all that constitutes a promising and efficient manhood, have to contend. The few who will deny this are those who have benefited most by the spoils of office, to the seizure of which the mightiest organizations, here and elsewhere, those that construct the broadest platforms and flout the whitest banners—seem practically to confine their efforts. For the young Ireland party I proudly claim an exemption from the rule which, more or less, identifies every political association past and present, and those especially of our own and immediate day, with political instability, social insincerity, intellectual depravity, and the wholesome repudiation, in public transactions, of moral obligations. Especially do I claim this exemption, on the ground already alleged that the young Irishmen composing it were true to one another—were strongly attached to one another—sympathized in one another's labors, difficulties, reverses or good fortune—had no sentiments or designs which they did not freely interchange in the freest moments of social intercourse—welcomed each other to the fireside and family-circle, as trusted brothers alone are welcomed—never felt so joyous, so light of heart, so buoyant in spirit, so strong, so free, so happy as in the society of each other. The happiness of one was the happiness of all—the sorrow of one was the sorrow of all—the honor of one was the honor of all.

Outraged in one case it was outraged in the case of all, and each and all were prompt to resent the outrage. Had you seen them, gentlemen, in the excited assembly of the people, when they first spoke out, braving the ridicule, the sarcasm, the concentrated popularity, and, in that popularity, the crushing power of the most dominant politicians that lived in any age or country, and you seen them, when in the council-room they laid their plans, quietly and resolutely, unaided and isolated almost to follow up the blow they had struck against the dominant and despotic aristocracy, which, in the declamation of the national character, and the emancipation of its military spirit, and kept the land for years in vulgar turmoil. Had you seen them, day after day, devoting themselves to the study and acquisition of whatever, in the way of history, science, art, poetry, statistics, oratory, bear served to illustrate the cause and to aid them in their struggle against the world, doing all this in the face of angry prejudices, under a continuous murrain of slander and maledictions, without a shilling of compensation, for the men of their age, temperament, and social position, it would not have been wonderful for them to have sought to escape, had you seen them, when they returned from a few hours from these labors, they found themselves into the country with all the heartiness and buoyancy of birds that escape from school—to the cloudy hills, along the track of some beautiful dark stream, or to the cliffs, against which the waves and sea-birds never cease to war and strive, or to some darkened pine, standing on the crest of a green slope, and, even in the least idealize the relations that existed between the members of the young Ireland party. That the existence of these relations was owing to a more generous and lofty nature than that which the public men of other times and countries, forming political parties, have been or now happen to be endowed with, I shall not, of course, presume so far, as to partially ascribe to the young Ireland party, as to assert. Had they had a less inspiring and elevating cause, they might, indeed, have been less partial, less devoted to one another. Had they had a treasury, municipal or national, to convert for and empty—the deposits to distribute amongst themselves and their subordinates, and a pile of supplemental plunder to sweep in when the original was exhausted—they might have been, perhaps, just as insincere, just as scheming, just as treacherous, just ready to accommodate themselves to the exigencies or succumb to the temptations of the hour, just as ready to trip one another up and stab one another in the back, just as ready to play the Artful Dodger, the false friend, the fawning hypocrite, the bully or the assassin, as other men have been, and still are, who have no other aim in public life but to drink, wear gold chains and ermine, do the stately march, build tenement houses or suburban villas, become rich but hereditary, immitable, dangers, the vengeance of a remorseless power, death by the halter, or the sword, banishment and imprisonment, and, in exposing its, they lifted themselves high above the snares and trammels of public life, kept their young hands clean, and their young hearts fresh, breathed nothing but the pure air through which their hopes had descended, filled their eyes with nothing but the absorbing glory of a transfigured nation. The beauty, the goodness, the grandeur of the cause, to the consummation of which they pledged themselves, repaid them for their devotion to it and whatever pains and penalties it brought, imparting to them as it did, that consciousness of acting honestly, generously and bravely, which, in itself, corrects every tendency, whilst it repels every invitation to do otherwise.

Accepting, then, in full faith, the assurance I have given you that the young Ireland party was bound together by the ties of the strongest friendship and that this friendship was not, even to this hour, lost any of its early intensity and fire you will easily conceive the intensity of the feeling with which I this night relate to you, now that he lies dead on the shores of the Pacific, the life of Terence Bellew McManus—one of the truest, one of the most generous, one of the most loving and lovable of that party.

In the spring of 1846, William Smith O'Brien having been impeached by the House of Commons for refusing to attend on any committee which did not concern the interest of Ireland, a deputation was instructed by the Eighty-two Club to proceed to London and present him with an address, expressive of the sympathy and concurrence of that body. This club, of which little, I believe, is known in America—was established in 1845, with the view of bringing together, in a social way, the leading nationalists of Ireland. The members were to assemble in Dublin, and hold a public banquet on each of the more illustrious anniversaries of the nation. The first banquet was held on the anniversary of the mastering of the Volunteers at Dungannon, in 1791, and in affirmation of the principles of liberty and national right which were then and there asserted. The second was held on the anniversary of the Declaration of Irish Rights in the parliament in 1793. The third took place in the commemoration of the famous convention of the revolutionary noblemen, the Bishop of Down, wearing an Earl's coronet, as well as a mitre, presided.

The encouragement of Irish art, Irish manufactures, Irish music, Irish industrial enterprises, Irish literature—the revivification of all the grand old names and memories of the island—the concentration, for national purposes, of the wit, eloquence, and genius lying dormant and dispersed throughout the country, and the propagation of a thoroughly national spirit amongst the educated classes, whose tendencies were more English than Irish, from the fact that all the rewards of cultivation and aspiring intellect were in the hands of Englishmen—these were the principal objects which the originators of the Eighty-two Club had in view when they established it. The more thoroughly to stimulate a national spirit—a spirit such as that which embodied and gave liberty and grandeur to the island in 1793—the members of the Eighty-two Club were required to wear, at their banquets, and whenever they appeared officially in public, a uniform of green and gold. It was a suggestive uniform. Whenever it flashed before the eyes of the people, the history of centuries flew open to their view, and Ireland, a nation, once again armed and arrayed as a young and brilliant power, dashed their way, and dotted their hearts with raptures. Thomas Davis, who was one of the principal originators of the Club, who did not to practical results, they well know thrilled such a uniform would appeal to the military spirit and feelings of the people, the elevation it would give the public mind, and the hopes it would inspire.

The citizens of Dublin, in fact, never saw those gentlemen entering the Rotunda, in their uniforms of green and gold, that they did not picture to themselves the officers of a national army, which, one day, might extend its line from Rutland square to Stephen's green, presenting arms as the proclamation of an Irish Republic was made to the sound of a thousand trumpets. The Repeal Association, at the time of which I speak had refused to sustain Smith O'Brien in his resistance to what he considered an unconstitutional demand on his time and duties as an Irish representative. That prudent and sensible, and dignified man, fearful of forfeiting its character for its previous loyalty, and under the solemn injunction of the scientific Tom Keble (cross of laughter) withheld an honest and patriotic vote to avoid entangling itself in the doubtful meshes of the law, of which catastrophe, under the guidance and adoration of such a Nestor, there was not the remotest danger. (continued laughter) The Eighty-two Club, however, true to the spirit and purpose of its character, took a manly stand, boldly and emphatically identifying itself with the conduct of Smith O'Brien. The deputation entrusted with the presentation to the distinguished prisoner of the address expressive of the approbation of the club, on arriving in Liverpool, were joined by another of the members, standing close upon his feet, bearing himself proudly, and having all the dash, and a bold deal of the gay rollicking swagger of a soldier—his large, open features, beaming with good fellowship, the enthusiasm of a guileless and elastic nature, and the fire of a quick and restless brain—a world of fun, kindness, affection, hospitality, bold truthfulness, and chivalry speaking from his full glistening eye, as well as from the stirring, generous lip—with his two big hands outstretched to shake his friends into convulsions almost—his racy laugh ringing loud and strong, and all because he was so exuberantly glad to see them—there stands Terence Bellew McManus in the pride of life, busy, happy, prosperous and beloved. He had now been some years in Liverpool, having started in boyhood from the little town of Monaghan, where he was born, to seek his fortune somewhere abroad, that being, for the most part, the destiny of his race. But he did not leave his birthplace before he had shown the fire and metal that was in him. A Catholic, and a sturdy one at that, vehemently proud of his old chief race, for the McManuses had a country of their own, all to themselves, in the north of Ireland, in times long gone by, as any one glancing over the map of the Irish peninsula, appended to the Annals of the Four Masters, can see—he never truckled to the Cromwellian and Dutch progeny, by whom he was surrounded. Far from it. He held his handsome, haughty head as erect in boyhood as he did in manhood—as he did, indeed, all through life, until the last illness that overtook him laid it low upon his death bed.

I have heard of his being in more than one hot skirmish, on the 12th of July; and, if I mistake not, he himself told me he was present with his father when Jack Lawless, the indomitable, stood his ground against the Orangemen at Ballinay. With an imperfect education, having never in fact gone through a course of schooling, but with a stirring brain, a rapid conception, a bold and instant readiness of execution which more than supplied the place of the philosophy and other acquirements of the schools; bidding good bye to Monaghan, he dashed into business in the busiest city of the busiest country of the old world; and after a short time, having won by his incessant diligence and proud honesty something deeper and warmer than the coldness of a great commercial people about him, he had, as much profitable work as he could well attend to, and full as much popularity as any one need covet. His commercial relations with Ireland were most extensive. The forwarding agent of many of the largest houses in the North and South of Ireland—houses importing the woollens of Yorkshire and the cotton goods of Lancashire—just at this very time, in the Spring of 1846, nichandize to the annual value of one million and a-half pounds sterling passed through his hands. Prosperity, however, the realization of an ample income, the attainment of a high mercantile position, did not hurt the sweet, rich flowers of patriotism and pride in all that concerned Ireland, which filled his fresh young nature with the beautiful and fragrant fragrance of a better and nobler life. This golden sunshine, pouring down so plentifully, to requite his industry and enterprise, served rather still further to expand and enrich those flowers and gave them a strength and splendor which the clouds and chilliness of a condition less successful might have denied them. He was delighted at having money because he could share it with his friends and assist the cause of Ireland. He gloried in having made his way to so creditable a position in the commercial world of Liverpool, because from that position he was enabled all the more influentially to counsel, encourage, and direct his countrymen living in that great city. He was proud of his popularity and exulted in it because, not limited to his own circle of social acquaintances, sweeping as it was, not to the wider circle of those who thought alike with him in politics, not yet to the crowd of merchants with whom he trafficked every day, but extending among hundreds who differed from him widely on public questions, whom he seldom met in private, and with whom he had few transactions, he felt he had more or less the power to mitigate the hostility with which his country, and her claims were regarded by the rich and domineering of the city in which he lived, and that he had more or less the power to reconcile them to the assertion of these claims. In all this he shines forth, if not an enviable and exciting example, certainly a reproving and chastising one, to those half-blooded and half-developed Irishmen in this and other cities of America, who, having climbed from the dreariest ignorance to opulence, and having, as they fancy, nothing but a fashionable finish to acquire—without which all their gold is but a pile of bricks waiting in the street to be transformed into a shell of architectural nicety—conclude that the quickest way to get their polish is to ignore their Irishism, paint a bit of English heraldry on their carriage panels and stamp it on their spools, turn up their snuff and dainty noses at every dinner, parade, or ball commemorative of some saint or hero of our grand old island, subscribe to the London Times, spread it out flat on their parlor tables, for their modern acquaintances to see and infer they are English; and who, with their backs to their poor old mothers' graves, thank God for a Prince of Wales, as it gives them an opportunity to wave their perturbed kerchiefs, air their gentility, and handle their legs in his presence.

Long previous to the arrival of the deputation of the Eighty-two Club in Liverpool, and his proceeding with them to London, to present the address to Smith O'Brien, McManus had been heart and soul ever active, with his purse, ever active with all the impulsiveness and prodigality of his nature—had been heart and soul with the last Repeal movement from its memorable starting point in the Dublin Corporation, in March, 1843, when Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt were pitted against each other, and fought with all the grandeur of Greek demagogues in the debate upon the question. When it was announced in October, 1843, that O'Connell would assemble the people of Ireland on the plains of Clontarf, and there demand the

restoration of the National Parliament with the voice of congregated hundreds of thousands, as he had already done at Tara, at Mallemast, on the Carragh of Kildare, and at Enniscorthy, within sight of Vinegar Hill, and when it was rumored that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had determined to disperse this meeting by force and occupy the plains with twenty thousand British troops in defiance of the vaunting of O'Connell, and to the approbrious discouragement of his followers. The Repealers of Manchester and Liverpool resolved to charter four steamers, cross the channel, and with their own countrymen, on their own sod, share the fortune of the day, whatever they might be. The Repealers of Manchester were under the command of my friend, Bernard Sebastian Treanor, now a practicing lawyer in Boston, and arrived in Dublin on the morning preceding the day the proscribed meeting was to take place. They numbered one thousand men, and their arrival furnished the authorities of the city with an additional reason for the adoption of military measures to suppress the meeting. The meeting was announced for Sunday, the 8th of October. The Liverpool Repealers disembarked the morning after, their detention being caused by the seizure of the steamers they had chartered, and the forcible employment of them by the government, for the transportation of troops to Dublin. Terence Bellew McManus commanded this second corps of arms of incursive Irishmen. There was nothing generous or bold to be done, where the right and honor of Ireland were at stake, that he was not the foremost and the boldest. His exertion on learning the turn which events had taken the previous day was bitter and intense, for he was not of those who held that O'Connell should have stood his ground, believing that had he done so, the foreign government would have backed down, or that, at most, had the government drawn the sword upon the right of petition and public remonstrance, the blood shed by them upon the plains of Clontarf would have appealed to the sympathies of Europe and the execrations of America, whilst it indured the vengeance of the Irish race, the world over, to an intensity which nothing could subdue and nothing could resist. From the time I first saw him—the time of the deputation to Smith O'Brien—it was my happiness to meet McManus frequently for nearly two years. I had occasion to go to London six or eight times after I went there with this deputation, and I made it a point to stay a day or two in Liverpool, going and coming for the sake of the thorough enjoyment his frank, bright society afforded. On these occasions I invariably found him mounted on a tall, spindly-legged, black leather-bottomed stool, in a dusky little room, in a gloomy, vast, overwhelming sort of warehouse, forty or fifty feet above the rumbling and blackened street, up to his eyes in business, at an old mahogany desk, all smeared with ink, sprinkled with blotting sand, and otherwise blotched and mottled. There he was, dashing through letters, bills of lading, bills of sale, orders on Huddersfield, orders on Manchester, drafts, advices, railway receipts, invoices, columns of figures two feet in height, policies of insurance, a perfect labyrinth of business, enough to entangle and confound the shrewdest old chap;—there he was, dashing through that mass of business of his at the rate of one million and a-half pounds sterling a year—radiant, healthy, full of pluck, teeming with brain, and having a fond, proud, dautful, chivalrous thought for Ireland all the while. No wonder he had this beautiful and noble thought, and that it never left him. On a shelf in this dusky little office of his there was a large tin box painted in imitation of bronze, with the initials T. B. M. in white upon the lid. That box contained his green and gold uniform, a brace of pistols and a rifle—the rifle of course disjoined as in a gun case. He never wheeled round on his tall, gawky, leather-bottomed stool, without his eye flashing on that box; and as surely as it did off went his bounding heart, into the romantic hills of Ireland—right slap into the thick of the tempest of fire and smoke—and he was blazing away, charging to and fro, cheering at the top of his voice for the freedom of the land that bore him, ringing out with a reckless ecstasy—

"A soldier's life's the life for me—  
A soldier's death's no Ireland's free!"

Strange to say, these dreams and transports never disturbed his tamer calculations. His hand never played the truant whilst his heart was on the wing. He had the faculty of combining the mechanism of business with what may be called the spiritualism of politics. It was no effort with him to do so. It was his nature. He could not help it, and he would resist it. It was wine and fruit, kindling sunshine, glorious music, the very breath of heaven to him in his solitude, and he worked all the harder the strove and was all the merrier and brighter for it. I tell that to you comrades! The sapless, icy, stony, outrageous would not believe it—not a word of it—not even if Edward Everett, or these sublime Spurgeons himself, were for it. Nor did my breaking in upon him at these intervals—and it was always abruptly and when he seemed busiest—toss him off his stool. Not a bit of it. He stuck fast until he was through with whatever he had in hand for the day. Here is another fact that would choke the faith of your grandfathers. With all his social impulsiveness—vehement as his companionable nature was—McManus was a persistent drudge, when there was drudgery before him, and it was his duty to keep it. He was inflexible in this respect, as he was on all occasions in his adherence to the truth that was in him; and what he considered to be the right. His inflexibility, indeed, often wore the appearance of an imperious obstinacy, and men who were ignorant of the warmth and benevolence of his nature, on first meeting and hearing him press some favorite and confirmed view of his own, shrink from or fiercely combated what struck them as an insufferable dogmatism. He would have never succeeded in New York politics. He scorned to call and coax—would never take a man by the button-hole and bludge him in his face—would never press you to drink and bitterly wish in his heart the glass was poisoned—was gifted with no ingenious pliancy of speech—could never suppress, disguise, or modify an opinion—could never restrain the frown, the look of disdain, the fiery word which deceit, meanness, flunkeyism or villainy provoked.

The business of the day over—his office and book-shelf up for the night—that vast and gloomy warehouse left to itself and the rats—he used to hurry across the Mersey to his little cottage on the beach at Birkenhead, a mile or so above the fort, commonly known as the Rock Fort, the accessible points of which, for ulterior purposes, he used constantly to study with the eye of a remorseless conspirator. It was a neat, old-fashioned, cozy little cottage, had a green door, a brass knocker, projecting eaves, white muslin curtains to the low square windows, and the shining beach striking down to the waters edge, right in front of it. The evenings I spent with him in that cozy little cottage will ever be to me unclouded memories of pleasure. McManus, imperfect as his education was, in a school-

restoration of the National Parliament with the voice of congregated hundreds of thousands, as he had already done at Tara, at Mallemast, on the Carragh of Kildare, and at Enniscorthy, within sight of Vinegar Hill, and when it was rumored that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had determined to disperse this meeting by force and occupy the plains with twenty thousand British troops in defiance of the vaunting of O'Connell, and to the approbrious discouragement of his followers. The Repealers of Manchester and Liverpool resolved to charter four steamers, cross the channel, and with their own countrymen, on their own sod, share the fortune of the day, whatever they might be. The Repealers of Manchester were under the command of my friend, Bernard Sebastian Treanor, now a practicing lawyer in Boston, and arrived in Dublin on the morning preceding the day the proscribed meeting was to take place. They numbered one thousand men, and their arrival furnished the authorities of the city with an additional reason for the adoption of military measures to suppress the meeting. The meeting was announced for Sunday, the 8th of October. The Liverpool Repealers disembarked the morning after, their detention being caused by the seizure of the steamers they had chartered, and the forcible employment of them by the government, for the transportation of troops to Dublin. Terence Bellew McManus commanded this second corps of arms of incursive Irishmen. There was nothing generous or bold to be done, where the right and honor of Ireland were at stake, that he was not the foremost and the boldest. His exertion on learning the turn which events had taken the previous day was bitter and intense, for he was not of those who held that O'Connell should have stood his ground, believing that had he done so, the foreign government would have backed down, or that, at most, had the government drawn the sword upon the right of petition and public remonstrance, the blood shed by them upon the plains of Clontarf would have appealed to the sympathies of Europe and the execrations of America, whilst it indured the vengeance of the Irish race, the world over, to an intensity which nothing could subdue and nothing could resist. From the time I first saw him—the time of the deputation to Smith O'Brien—it was my happiness to meet McManus frequently for nearly two years. I had occasion to go to London six or eight times after I went there with this deputation, and I made it a point to stay a day or two in Liverpool, going and coming for the sake of the thorough enjoyment his frank, bright society afforded. On these occasions I invariably found him mounted on a tall, spindly-legged, black leather-bottomed stool, in a dusky little room, in a gloomy, vast, overwhelming sort of warehouse, forty or fifty feet above the rumbling and blackened street, up to his eyes in business, at an old mahogany desk, all smeared with ink, sprinkled with blotting sand, and otherwise blotched and mottled. There he was, dashing through letters, bills of lading, bills of sale, orders on Huddersfield, orders on Manchester, drafts, advices, railway receipts, invoices, columns of figures two feet in height, policies of insurance, a perfect labyrinth of business, enough to entangle and confound the shrewdest old chap;—there he was, dashing through that mass of business of his at the rate of one million and a-half pounds sterling a year—radiant, healthy, full of pluck, teeming with brain, and having a fond, proud, dautful, chivalrous thought for Ireland all the while. No wonder he had this beautiful and noble thought, and that it never left him. On a shelf in this dusky little office of his there was a large tin box painted in imitation of bronze, with the initials T. B. M. in white upon the lid. That box contained his green and gold uniform, a brace of pistols and a rifle—the rifle of course disjoined as in a gun case. He never wheeled round on his tall, gawky, leather-bottomed stool, without his eye flashing on that box; and as surely as it did off went his bounding heart, into the romantic hills of Ireland—right slap into the thick of the tempest of fire and smoke—and he was blazing away, charging to and fro, cheering at the top of his voice for the freedom of the land that bore him, ringing out with a reckless ecstasy—

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## TERENCE BELLEVUE McMANUS.

(Continued from the Second Page.)

any point of view, had the heartiest relish for literature, provided it was national in its spirit and answered to illustrate the heroism and magnanimity of patriotic men—the mountains, the ruins, the old walls, the fields and rivers of a country with which stories of chivalrous deeds were blended. By Washington and his generals, by Heideley, was a favorite book of his. He carried it with him to Australia. It was in fact the only book, besides Davis's Poems, he had in his portmanteau the morning he stepped on board her Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, the "Swift," and the portmanteau and a carpenter's tool chest was all the baggage he took the trouble to emigrate with. In the way of novels or romance, Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" was the only one he ever cared to read, but that was the light and rapture of his leisure hours in prison. Of O'Connell's intellectual power, his humor, his dexterity in converting an antagonist, his terrible ability in sarcasm and invective, the murmuring music of his pathos, the haughty intrepidity of his early days, his triumphs at the bar, the grand, dauntless, defiant, conquering air with which he walked into the Commons of Great Britain, and took them all by storm—of these attributes and achievements of the lordly Irish tribune he was a vehement admirer. For the weakness and fallacies of O'Connell's latter days, however, and the growing doctrine that liberty was not worth one drop of blood, he had nothing but a silent expression or, at most, ejaculation of reproachful anguish—the recollection of the old man's healthier times and nobler teachings repressing in McManus the outbreak of scorn which these compromises of an incomparable career provoked. But for Thomas Davis he had unequalled, unreserved, and unmeasured admiration. Abounding and boundless, it was something more than admiration. It was an enthusiastic, impetuous, ecstatic love and worship. The purity, the strength, the fruitfulness, the intensity of that young nature which, in three years, had pervaded Ireland with a renovating fire, purifying and concentrating the public mind; consuming so many rank prejudices that had root therein, and germinating in their stead an abundance of healthful sympathies and hopes, and lessons, which, for all sects and classes of the country, had a common attraction, and but one high aim. The various and wondrous excellencies of this glorious young nature had kindled in McManus all the fervor and excitement of an adoration. How his large blue eyes used to overflow with a bubbling light, then flash, then stream and gush, as though his very soul was coming from it—how his handsome head would be used to tremble and reel itself in frenzy almost—how his hand used to close, and tighten, and strain, as though it clutched a sword, and he were crouching in the saddle for a charge—how his whole frame, dilating with all the passions and electricity of his nature, used to quiver like a frigate bending to the gale, then brace itself again, and stand firm as a rock—how glowing, vehemently, fiercely, grandly, he used to repeat these lines of Davis, I well remember:

"Full often when our fathers saw the red above the green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and  
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,  
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red.  
And they who saw, in after times, the red above the  
green,  
Were withered as the grass that dies, beneath a forest  
sweep,  
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were  
fed,  
That in some day, to come, the green should flatter o'er  
the red.  
Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone  
sank serene,  
Because they could not bear to leave the red above the  
green;  
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly  
bled,  
Because their eyes were hot to see the green above the  
red.  
And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive  
to glean,  
That we may pull the English red below the Irish  
green;  
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty  
spread,  
Above the land once dark with blood—the green above  
the red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish  
green,  
And forced us to conceal it, like a something foul and  
mean;  
But yet, by heaven, he'll sooner raise his victims from the  
dead,  
Than force our hearts to leave the green and cotton to  
the red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those  
who lead,  
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or  
queen;  
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to  
shed—  
Once to have Ireland free, and once to have it dead.

For Gavan Duffy, too, he had the warmest regard. Born in the same town—reared under the same roof almost, playmates and school-fellows, brothers in companionship from infancy to boyhood—they left their birth-place on the same day together, the one to win an enduring name in the field of politics and letters, the other to launch his heart of Irish oak and prove its staunch and mastery in the roaring thoroughfares of commerce. McManus took high pride in the fact that the North of Ireland had sent two of the clearest and strongest intellects of the day to serve the national cause—to invigorate, embolden and adorn it. Monaghan contributed one of the two. Newry contributed the other. Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," and Mitchell's "Life of Hugh O'Neill," were prized by him beyond all the profits his agency for all the great Irish importers brought him. With those in his pocket, he would have gone through the world, though he had not a shilling to sport with, and been as joyous and radiant as Oliver Goldsmith was, trudging through Europe in an old hat and a threadbare coat, with a yellow flute stuck in one pocket of it, and some dry ruble of bread and cheese in the other. For every young Irishman—who, like Davis, Mitchell, Duffy, and McManus, had dedicated his genius to the service of Ireland, and brought imperishable offerings of intellectual beauty and power to the altar of the national faith—for every young Irishman who had proved himself as they had done, McManus would have a crown wrought of the purest gold, and paid for it himself if his means allowed him. As for Ed and Spence—for any queenly or child-like one of that impassioned sisterhood, whose harp were

heard in their various moods of love, sorrowfulness, anguish, sweetness and vengeance—now like Sappho in her youth, and now like Euripides in her exaltation—thrilling and pulsating throughout the surging tumult of the people—for any queenly or child-like one of that impassioned sisterhood, did her happiness or fame require it, did the slightest peril cross her path or a speck of calumny sully the sky above her, McManus would have flung away his life, and exulted as he expired. Such being his admiration, love and worship of all that was intellectually beautiful, powerful, chivalrous and noble amongst the writers and orators of his own country—as well as of all that was righteous, romantic and heroic in other lands—and such his appreciation of all that redeems society, improves the man and exalts the nation, you can readily understand why those evenings, passed with him, were evenings of effluence, happiness, and that the memory of them, with whomsoever it abides, will not die. The last of them occurred for me in March, 1848. From that out I met McManus in far different scenes, and we had something else to talk about besides the poetry of Ireland. The French Revolution of February, whilst it turned Louis Philippe and his family out of doors, drove me away from that snug cottage on the beach at Bournemouth, I had to go further and fare worse. Nevertheless I remember it as though it were but yesterday. I know it stands there in the old place yet—for the bump of destructiveness is not so enormously developed, anywhere in England as it is in New York, where whole streets are constantly shuffled like cards, and the Knave of Clubs, just now at the bottom of the pack in Water street, takes the place of the Queen of Hearts up town. I know the little cottage on the beach at Bournemouth stands in the old place yet, and can fancy that those two low, square windows in front, reflecting the lanterns of the shipping in the river, are this moment flickering and glaring across the Mersey, as though, like human eyes, they had kept open these twelve years past, watching for the return of the absent master of the dwelling, and that of their long long vigil they had grown tired at last. Sink those flickering and glaring eyes, poor, deserted little homestead, and grow dark! Sink deep into the beach, or let the wild waves leap up and carry thee far out to sea; for thy gallant, generous, upright, affectionate noble master lies dead in this night eight thousand miles away, and the cheerful fire that once burned so strongly on thy hearthstone, is quenched for ever. How came that cottage to be deserted? What brought its master so far away? How fared he when he left it? What of his brave, sunny heart? Did sorrow and vexation, and a load of agony fall upon it, and did it droop and wilt and break at last, thinking of the darling, cottage by the Mersey, and of what was dear to it still, the grand misty hills, the ruins breathing through their rents, and rustling ivy of a persecuted faith and plundered race, the ancient hospitable cities, the mystic path and glorious battle fields of a land, upon the warm bosom of which it might never sleep again? Listen to the story—it will soon be told.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

## The Maritime Powers of Europe.

The Cologne *Gazette* prints a list of the ironclads of the maritime powers of Europe in 1873, which it professes to have derived from recent and trustworthy sources. England, according to this, has a war navy of thirty-eight vessels, of 82,000 horse-power and 698 guns. Its home fleet consists of fourteen large plated vessels, four plated frigates, and five plated gun-boats, of more than 30,000 horse-power and carrying 102 guns. The war navy of Russia counts fifteen plated frigates and four cupola vessels, of 12,000 horse-power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes ten turret ships and three plated frigates, with 2,710 horse-power and ninety-four guns. Germany has a war navy composed of three plated frigates of 2,900 horse-power, and fifty-five guns, not including five plated frigates and one plated corvette, of 5,100 horse-power and forty-eight guns, now in course of construction. The German coast-guard fleet consists of two turret ships of 600 horse-power and seven guns. The navy of France is composed of sixteen plated frigates and twelve plated corvettes of 17,200 horse-power in all, carrying 316 guns. The French home squadron contains fourteen turret vessels, sixteen plated frigates, and six rams, of 3320 horse-power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of seven plated frigates and four casemated ships of 8150 horse-power, of which the Italian war navy consists of twelve plated frigates, two plated corvettes, and one ram of 9100 horse-power and having 168 guns. Turkey possesses a war navy of considerable strength, composed of fifteen large plated war vessels, two of which have nine-inch plates of 8530 horse-power in all, and carrying 116 guns of the heaviest calibre. Spain has seven plated frigates of 5900 horse-power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are three turret ships of 1800 horse-power, and carrying nine guns. Finally, the Netherlands dispose of a coast-guard fleet of twenty vessels of various kinds of 8800 horse-power, and bearing 114 guns.

## The Lost Tribe of Modoc.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his annual report on Indian affairs, thus speaks of the disposition to be made of the Modocs: "The experience which the Modoc difficulty has furnished that office to take measures calculated to prevent the recurrence of like difficulties under similar circumstances. It is now the intention of the Government to separate the members of this tribe and place them with different bands of Indians, taking care in doing this not to separate families, and to keep together, as far as possible women and children whose husbands and male relatives were destroyed in the conflict. The Indian is greatly attached to his tribal organization, and it is believed this example of extinguishing their so-called national existence and merging their members into other tribes, while in reality humane punishment, will be esteemed by them as the severest penalty that could have been inflicted, and tend by its example to deter hostile Indians in future from serious and flagrant insurrections."

The *Chillicothe "Gazette"* says: "Governor Allen has a colored man who does his marketing and visits daily the city to purchase staples for the new Governor's table. This man seems somewhat elated at the success of his employer and feels that the plain title 'Major' is not grand enough, and so, on entering the meat market last Saturday, he exclaimed, 'The Government wants a roast of beef.'"

New-fashioned ear-rings are in the shape of a bucket, with small wheel and cable, all in gold, recalling to mind all that has been said and written about the "Old Oaken Bucket."

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superior to any now in common use, persons  
may use these for any length of time without causing  
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Every Wednesday and Saturday, at seven o'clock A. M.,  
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Fare, \$1.00

Freight, per ton, \$1.50

Meals, 50

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He imports directly for himself the finest brands of

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Good Bourbon Whisky, \$7.50 per gallon, or 50 cents  
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Fine Bourbon, \$8.00 per gallon, or 75 cents per bottle.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art, poetry and history all at every house, and our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the sense of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

Who is about to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?  
JOHN MITCHELL.

## ORGANIZATION.

The memory of man embraces at the present a vista of many centuries. Throughout this period it has been noticed that civilization and Empire have marched hand-in-hand, and ever travelled westward. Starting from the plains of Central Asia, and the mountains of Armenia, the mantle of power first settled on the shoulders of the Cyri and Darni of Persia, next clad the warlike forms of the Grecian Hoptites; and adorned for a lengthened period the dominant power of Rome. Passing from the ancient to the middle ages we find Spain the leading power of the fifteenth century. A lapse of years shows England in the eighteenth century exemplifying the adage that "Westward the star of empire takes its way." One more lengthened flight across the Atlantic, and America is rendered one of the leading powers in the world. How is it that in this transit, one island of western Europe has been omitted, and that, one of the best fitted to sustain the eagle of sovereignty? Were Ireland's people unfitted to sway their own destiny? How then have Ireland's sons furnished the most worthy and brilliant of British statesmen? Would they have been unable to direct and guard a sovereignty once acquired? Is it not Irish steel in Irish hands that has pushed the power of England through every opposition, and has created for her an Empire on which the sun never sets? But it is time that all this should cease; it is time that Ireland should look to her own interests and show the wealth and arrogance of England how much may be effected by a united people striving in a sacred cause. This is a blow that should be struck soon, but it should not be dealt prematurely or rashly. Too much martyr's blood has already stained our Irish annals, and it is time that experience should teach us how and where the deadly thrust may most advantageously be delivered. And we know not when that moment may come. We look across the narrow sea that sunders us from our oppressors, and we see a farcical and worn out monarchy tottering to its fall. In the nature of things the crash must soon come and we may, nay we will, be enabled to draw from the ruins the glorious gem of Irish independence. In this anticipation it is impossible for Irishmen to slumber; it should be impossible for them to arise at the given moment, a disorganized and clamorous rabble. How is this to be avoided, since the opportunity may occur while the mass of the people are sunk in the apathy of a hope long deferred? Simply by an organization. While the land slumbers the organization will watch. It is its purpose, its duty, the very essence of its being. The instant that the inevitable crash unhinges the system of English economy then the land who have pledged themselves to watch the country's interests will appear. They will pass unscathed through the turmoil around them; prepared for miracles nothing will astonish them; nerved to endurance by years of waiting agony nothing will dismay them; the piteous cries of bygone tyrants who are crushed in the ruin will not move them. The heart of the individual is merged in the mighty heart of the organization, and knows not human failings. The whole, hand is animated by a single spirit; like a chivalrous knight of old they burn to tear the jewel from the giant's grasp, and lay it unparaphrased at the feet of their mistress. Throughout the weary years that have elapsed since "the emerald gem of the Western world was set in the crown of a stranger" we have yearned to see it once more, transformed from the star of hope to the star of freedom, and shining with an added lustre over the unshackled destinies of our native land.

Is it not then the bounden duty of each Irishman who loves his native land (and would that this qualification included all who can boast a drop of Irish blood) to cast in his lot with those who are watching for the chosen day; in short to prepare, to arouse, to organize? Union is strength, and not strength alone but endurance, vigilance, activity. In ancient Greece, where each government was torn and distracted by factions, there was ever an organization on the watch against the dominant party, ready to spring to the front at the first symptom of weakness, and level a death thrust at the point where the defences were most pregnable. Rarely indeed was it they failed. Able leaders and devoted adherents formed an organization that was virtually invincible. And in Irishmen we have all these necessary qualifications. In Ireland we have but too great an occasion to exercise them. It is pitiful to see a people worthy of freedom, and under proper direction able to obtain it, bowing the neck year after year to a foreign yoke, wasting their strength in impotent oblations when the means of liberty are within their reach. We have our organizations, and they are doing good and knightly service. They

are biding their time, and when the inevitable moment comes will strike with a force and persistency which will astonish and dismay many an enemy, who now slumbers in all the tranquility of false security. But we require these organizations more widely spread and more generally deferred to. Irishmen! remember that they are your best chance for liberty. Remember that when the day dawns (and the night is now nearly over) it will strike home with a force the world little expects, and will erect an independent Republic on Irish soil as a glorious and lasting monument of the value of organization.

## REPUBLICAN IRELAND.

Looking back through the vista of ages that lie between ourselves and that remote date which we generalize as the memory of man, we will find the steady increase in arts and industries which has been going on for centuries, usually attended by a corresponding amelioration in the condition of the people. Those who in the dark ages were the down trodden surfs, less esteemed than the oxen that plowed the soil, to-day elect their rulers, and take a due share in the government of the country. In our nineteenth century self-sufficiency we are apt to pause here, and looking with complacency at our many improvements, imagine we have done enough. But there still remains abundant toil to occupy willing hands. Everywhere we see the fair beauty of the work marred by those relics of an age of barbarism hereditary monarchies; as a fruitful plain is disfigured by an unsightly ruin, devoid of any graceful or pleasant association. Every country has a right to its own government. The majesty of the people has long since exploded the mischievous old theory of the right divine of kings to govern wrong; and in many cases has assumed legitimate power. But amidst the widespread improvement of the world no ray of freedom has shone on our fair Western island. Unjustly and unjustifiably has England continued for centuries to withhold from her that freedom and right of self-government which is the indisputable birth-right of the humblest peasant on her shores. And never was a country better suited than Ireland for passing into a flourishing republic without undergoing the distractions and suicidal feuds of classes which generally attend the transition stage of governments. The simple withdrawal of the English element from our midst, would be in itself sufficient to destroy any individual distinction of class. Before the establishment of a Republic precedent has generally shown us that there is a lavish outpouring of blood, a mighty expenditure of treasure, a general stagnation of the commerce and industries of the country. In Ireland the reverse would be the case. There is no hereditary aristocracy to which the people have become attached by habit. On the contrary, very many of the lords of the soil are justly regarded as the despoilers of the country, and the great ducts through which the national wealth is drained off to pamper the extravagance of foreigners. Then it behoves us not to pelter or be beguiled by a pulling humanity when the time comes to unloose the fetters of England. Let the stroke be dealt with a surgical skill and surgical firmness; let it lop off at one blow the incubus that deforms the land, and show Ireland to the world a prosperous and independent Republic.

## Gov. John G. Downey for Senator.

[From the San Diego World.]  
The resignation of Senator Cassady devolves upon the present Legislature the duty of electing two United States Senators, one for the full term of six years and one to fill the unexpired term of that gentleman. Our choice for the first position is too well known to need reiteration now. It is the solemn duty of the Legislature to elect Gov. Booth United States Senator. If ever a popular verdict had attended upon it a mandate which should be held sacred, the voice of the people repudiating Stanford and acclaiming Booth in the last election contained such. From the first we held that it was a resistless popular declaration, and we believe that Gov. Booth, as a matter of course, will be elected. We believe, further, that he will be the next President. We believe that he is, par excellence, the tribune of the people as fully as ever man was in ancient or modern days.

Believing this as we do, if we could have a second choice in the matter it would rest upon Gov. John G. Downey, of Los Angeles. But it is not needed to indicate a second choice, because the resignation of Senator Cassady opens the way to Gov. Downey as his successor. The Governor has long held a foremost place in the gallery of eminent Democrats. He has filled acceptably and with distinction the first post in the State, and has discharged other elevated trusts with honor to himself. He is noted for integrity and dignity, qualities which are needed in the Senator from California. His manners are eminently courteous and his disposition conciliatory. His large wealth, even if the cast of his temperament did not protect from any such imputations, relieves him from any motive or object in prostituting this high station for gain. He understands perfectly the interests of Southern California, and would work cordially and intelligently for our advancement. The Democratic party which will, we suppose, be allowed to indicate Senator Cassady's successor, could not do a better thing than to elect Gov. Downey. We give him our hearty endorsement for the position. The Southern portion of the State is entitled to this recognition and will, we trust receive it. (With all of which we heartily concur.)  
ED. I. N.

## MEAGHER ON McMANUS.

To the exclusion of much important matter, which we hold over, we this week present the complete lecture of General T. F. Meagher on Terence Bellew McManus, delivered April 10, 1861. What a rebuke must the words of this chivalrous and self-sacrificing patriot be to the LAND GRABBING HARBIES who hold the property of the deceased McManus from his sister by the influence of their wealth and the "SENATORS OF IRELAND."

P. J. M.—San José. Eight dollars received on account of Club—Thanks.

## TERENCE BELLEW McMANUS.

A LECTURE.

Patriot, Orator, and Soldier.

General Thomas Francis Meagher.

Delivered at Irving Hall, New York, on April, 10th., 1861.

One day at the close of July, 1849, I drove up towards a crowd that was gathered in front of a wretched hotel on the Commons of Boulogne, somewhere, I believe, in the South Riding of Tipperary. As I approached nearer, I saw that the crowd was armed. It was a cloudy, damp, drizzly, raw, miserable day. But, now and then, there were gleams of sunshine; and one of these gleams lit up for an instant a dozen pikes or so, a dozen bayonets, scythes, and gun-barrels, when I was something less than a quarter of a mile from them. Approaching still nearer, a shout was given—then another, and then a third—the pikes, scythes, and bayonets being thrust upward in the murky air, amid the waving of hats and green branches, and the discharge of pistols. The next moment I recognized Smith O'Brien, John Dillon, and O'Donoghue. Smith O'Brien stood with folded arms, a little in advance of the crowd, looking at me with a serene and usual. Dillon, with a large military cloak thrown over his shoulders, smiled quietly and picturesquely along side of him, his mild, dark, handsome features contrasting richly with the plainer and sterner aspect of O'Brien. With a thick, black fur cap—something like a grenadier's—drawn over his ears and down to his eyes, he looked as if he were a wild looking half-naked peasant, and there lighting a huge bonfire, with the vague thought that it might startle the people with the belief that all was not over yet, and so reanimate them to resistance. From a forlorn cabin in which I spent that night—four miles southward of the mountain—I looked out at times; and every time saw that deep red fire glowing up there in the black heavens, and could almost fancy I saw the daring rebel who had flung this last defiance to the enemy, crouching close to the rock and furze, listening with hushed heart and straining eye—listening through the deep stillness for some answering shout from below, to the signal of battle with which he swept the sky. Oh! that the day may soon come, when lifting the flag of Ireland, the lightning of saluting arms and the thunder of an artillery such as that they have in the Sierras of Spain, we shall all ascend the Keeper Mountain in the footprints of our lost friend and comrade, and their re-light the fire, the ashes of which now lie cold as those which, but the other day, were mingled with the golden sands of the Pacific.

With the closing chapters of this eventful story—their death—of them, at all events—you are all familiar; for you have heard of the detention of Smith O'Brien and others under sentence of death and military surveillance, for a twelvemonth in Richmond Prison; within the limits of the city of Dublin—of their banishment for life to Van Diemen's Land—and the escape of four of them, including John Mitchell, as they were by the free settlers of the colony; who, in assisting them, were proud to mark their reprobation of the base attempt of the English government to confound the Irish rebels, contending honorably and manfully for the liberty of their country, with such rascals of English society as Paul, Bates, and Stanahan.

Throughout all the scenes and changes—in prison—on that wearisome voyage of five months to a penal island—during his long exile there—McManus preserved the same generous, courageous, glowing heart, displayed the same rapid and exhaustive activity of brain, showed the same indomitable pluck, carried his head as independently and proudly as he did in Liverpool in the brightest days of his prosperity. It was not in his nature ever to be doctored. He would not have been so, clinging to a spar in the midst of the wildest and blackest sea. It was not in his nature ever to be listless, indolent, supine. He would have busied himself, somehow or other, and been all energy and excitement, were it the blackest rock he had been thrown upon, and there was no way to leave it. During his stay in Richmond Prison, having obtained the necessary permission, he was constantly in the garden belonging to the amiable little Portuguese governor of that penitential and highly reformatory institution—was constantly there, pruning the fruit trees, weeding the walks and beds, hoeing, raking, manuring, digging, sowing the water-pot or dragging the rolling-stone. On the voyage to Van Diemen's Land, in stormy weather, he was always catching Mother Carey's chickens, Cape pigeons, or those bigger birds, such as the albatross, that wheeled and swooped about us when the sea ran highest and the clouds were drifting fast. In Van Diemen's Land, he never left the fish of the Derwent, nor the birds in the woods of the Western Tiers alone for a day.

Whether with gun or fish-rod, he was always armed, always on the tramp, always proving his skill, his ingenuity, his prowess. That box of carpenter's tools I mentioned, some time since, as the sole accompaniment to his portmanteau, he brought out on a speculation, hoping that something or other might turn up on the voyage and give him a job. On several occasions it was called into requisition. As the boats and not furnished him with work, he supplied it to himself. He damaged two or three articles of furniture in our state room, for the sake of mending them again. He persuaded Smith O'Brien to allow him to operate on his camp chair, one of the legs of which had got out of order, and from this operation the limb never recovered.

Strange to say, the same ship that took me round the Horn to Pernambuco, on my way to New York, in 1852, had taken him, the year before, to San Francisco, by Tahiti and Honolulu. Many a night, as I sat up with him in his cabin over our pipes and grog, it amused me to hear the Captain—Heaven rest his plucky little soul!—tell how McManus contrived to keep himself employed, interested and excited, during the six weeks they were together. One time the Captain said, he helped the men to patch a torn sail. Another time he was up the rigging, out upon the yard-arm, spreading canvas or stowing it home. Another time again, he was executing a chart of the voyage from his own observations; and once he undertook to regulate the chronometer—a philanthropic experiment, which, but for the providential intervention of the afflicted Captain himself, might have proved fatal.

One morning early in January, 1852, I awoke in the Bay of San Francisco. It was a drizzly

look of which is enough to freeze a Hottentot to death—a door at the back of the foul vehicle was opened by the sub-sheriff, and out stepped the rebel who had been just condemned; and as he passed through the double row of lifted bayonets, and the gate closed after him, he looked and bore himself the same proud, dauntless, bright, soldierly fellow as he ever was. Ah! it was hard for him to have been thus shut in, when, little more than a month before, he had been upon the sea—the Stars and Stripes above his head—England buffed in her pursuit and vengeance lowering in his wake—America, with her thousand welcomes, rising like a summer sun in the West before him, on the margin of the ocean.

But the winds played false to him, and forcing back the ship when it had been three days out, delivered him into the hands of the English spies—a species of vermin partly weazle and partly vampire, which infested all the ports of Ireland. After the affair at Ballinacorney, McManus fell in with me near the Nine Mile House; and for ten days we were together, in the mountains, all over the country, from Slievenamon to Keppel, doing our best to rally the people and bring them to the charge again. But it was too late. The crisis was over. There was deep prostration instead of the slightest animation. The government were acting with appalling vigor at every point. Wherever it showed itself the Catholic clergy—influenced undoubtedly by the most benevolent anxiety for the safety of the people—discouraged, forced back, and silenced the revolutionary sentiment. The professional and mercantile classes, who were neutral at first, and whilst the issue was in suspense, hastened in herds to the Union Jack, and there had themselves sworn in as special constables in the service of England—some of the most valiant, the noisiest and sauciest of the Repealers of 1843 being the foremost of the craven and distempered crowd. Worn out, fevered, outwaded, hopeless at last, we parted at the foot of the Keeper Mountain. McManus ascending at night, accompanied by a wild looking half-naked peasant, and there lighting a huge bonfire, with the vague thought that it might startle the people with the belief that all was not over yet, and so reanimate them to resistance. From a forlorn cabin in which I spent that night—four miles southward of the mountain—I looked out at times; and every time saw that deep red fire glowing up there in the black heavens, and could almost fancy I saw the daring rebel who had flung this last defiance to the enemy, crouching close to the rock and furze, listening with hushed heart and straining eye—listening through the deep stillness for some answering shout from below, to the signal of battle with which he swept the sky. Oh! that the day may soon come, when lifting the flag of Ireland, the lightning of saluting arms and the thunder of an artillery such as that they have in the Sierras of Spain, we shall all ascend the Keeper Mountain in the footprints of our lost friend and comrade, and their re-light the fire, the ashes of which now lie cold as those which, but the other day, were mingled with the golden sands of the Pacific.

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One morning early in January, 1852, I awoke in the Bay of San Francisco. It was a drizzly

murky, dismal morning, threatening just such another day as that I had on the Commons of Boulogne. The darkened picture, however, was striking, animated and impressive. There was a crowd of shipping. There was a bold stretch of water swarming with steamboats, which flew hither and thither shrieking, and foaming with all their might. There was a vast, white city, which in the hazy skelter rush, it seemed to me, had leaped from the water and spread itself, like a gleaming army of Arabs over numberless sand-hills, and an immense tract of desert. There were mountains, beyond there towards the sea, of unknown height, for the huge clouds and they were one and indivisible. There were mountains inland, and they, too, were blended with the blackness of the sky, save where a monstrous dome of snow showed what was mountain and what was cloud, and this they said was Mount Diabolo. The wharf was thronged as our enormous steamship dropped broadside on to it. There was many a hearty voice greeting the new accessions to the Golden State. I, too, had a voice heartier than all the rest to greet me! I, too, had a hand, full as strong and warm and brave as any there, to grasp me, not with one, but with a thousand welcomes! The same frank, handsome, beaming face I had seen so often and in such various scenes—in that little cottage on the beach in Birkenside on to it. There was many a hearty voice greeting the new accessions to the Golden State. I, too, had a voice heartier than all the rest to greet me! I, too, had a hand, full as strong and warm and brave as any there, to grasp me, not with one, but with a thousand welcomes! The same frank, handsome, beaming face I had seen so often and in such various scenes—in that little cottage on the beach in Birkenside on to it. There was many a hearty voice greeting the new accessions to the Golden State. I, too, had a voice heartier than all the rest to greet me! 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WHARFAGE is now charged by the railroad company  
the Fourth street depot.

removals will be made. Scarcity of work is the alleged cause of this reduction of force.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1878.

## MAGNUS THE GREAT.

FROM "THE BROOKLYN" BY "THE IRISH NATIONALIST."

(Continued from our last number.)

GAUL.

"Yes, by that arm of dreadful might,  
"O O'mahal's noble son!  
"Soon shall our swords pursue their flight,  
"And soon the field be won;

"Yon King, whose ships of many waves  
"Extended along our coast,  
"Who thus thy power insulting braves,  
"And dares our gallant host.

"Soon shall this arm his fate decide,  
"And, by this vengeful blade,  
"Shall that fierce head of gloomy pride,  
"In humble dust be laid."

"Not so!" (with eager warmth exclaimed  
"My generous son of Love)  
"Yon King, though fierce, though widely fam'd,  
"Thy Osgur's arm shall prove.

"Soon his twelve Judges' tribes before  
"My valiant troop shall see;  
"And their proud King shall fall, no more  
"His tale of boars to see."

"No, mine," (the famed Maciava cry'd),  
"Mine be the task to check his pride,  
"And lay his glories low!

"Dark Norway's King myself will meet,  
"And well his arm employ;  
"For danger, in this cause, is sweet,  
"And life is risk'd with joy."

"No! to glorious fame will spring!"  
(Brown Dermid cry'd) "or die;  
"Mine be to meet yon stranger King,  
"His boasted arm to try."

"Strong though it be, it soon shall yield,  
"While in this cause I fight;  
"Or soon these eyes, on yonder field,  
"Shall close in endless night."

"My vision now I call to mind!"  
(The starting Fion exclaim'd),  
"I dream'd that with the Moorish King,  
"Alone the fight I try'd."

"At length, me thought, one lucky aim  
"Struck off his gloomy head;  
"And thence my soul forebodes our fame,  
"And sees our glories spread!"

"Blest be your souls, ye arms of war!"  
(The blooming Fion exclaim'd),  
"May victory bear your triumphs far,  
"To distant nations far!"

"But, my brave troops! your chief alone,  
"Shall chief in danger be;  
"And Magnus shall be all my own,  
"Whatever the fates decree."

"Strong though his arm, the war to wage,  
"I mean that arm to try;  
"Nor from his might, nor from his rage,  
"Shall Erin's chieftain fly!"

Then, girding on each warlike blade,  
"And glorying in their might,  
"Our martial host advanced, array'd,  
"And ardent for the fight."

Aspicious arms around us blaz'd,  
"Each thine its weapon grac'd,  
"And, on each manly shoulder raised,  
"A spear of war is plac'd."

Each chief with ardent valor glows,  
"To prove the faith he swore;  
"And forth we march, to meet the foe  
"Encamp'd upon the shore."

No mirth conducts the night along;  
"No wax illumines our board;  
"Nor saffron, banquet, wine, or song,  
"The darkness hours afford."

At length we see grey morning rise  
"Upon its early dew;  
"And the first dawn of eastern skies  
"Gives Lochlin's host to view."

\* Odin, the Mahomet of the north, founded, in Sweden, a supreme court of twelve members, to aid him in the business of the priesthood and civil government. This statement has not been explained. Could it refer to any Moorish or African auxiliaries among the Roman forces in Britain?

There is (observes the translator) not one of the heroes who speaks with so much modesty as Fion, the greatest of them all. The rest promise, with confidence, a certain success to their valor; he alone speaks without a boast, and is modest though determined.

(To be continued.)

## THE RISING OF '98.

With an Account of the Volunteers, French Alliances and Expeditions.

(Continued from our last number.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ASSAULT ON ROSS—ASSAULT ON ARKLOW—TUMULTS IN ULSTER—AFFRAYS AT ANTRIM AND BALLYMORRIS—BATTLE OF FOK'S MILL—BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL—SUMMARY.

On the 4th of June, the Westfordians advanced to Ross, and encamped at Corbet-hill, within one mile of that town, which borders on the county Kilkenny and Wexford, lies on the river Barrow, and is within twelve miles of the city of Waterford.

Ross might have been taken without any opposition on the 29th of May, the day after Ennis-corihy had fallen into the hands of the people. Such a measure had been vehemently urged by a chief named Hay, and a great number of people had agreed to march with him for that purpose; but a quarrel and duel having occurred between Hay and Fitzgerald, this plan was for a time laid aside.

Meantime Ross had been strongly reinforced and prepared against an attack. The garrison was commanded by an Irishman, General Johnson. It consisted chiefly of Irish mercenaries, called Donegal, Clare and Meath militia, with a detachment of English and Irish artillery, and a band of Scotch mercenaries named Mid Lothians, in all 1,200 men. Besides these there were large gangs of yeomen and volunteer loyal-

ists, which made, according to Cloney, an entire force of 2,000 men; with several pieces of cannon.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 5th of June, General Beauchamp Baginval Harvey sent Mr. Furlong towards the town, carrying a flag of truce, and a written summons to give up Ross to the Wexford people, in order to save bloodshed. Mr. Furlong on approaching the town galloping on horseback, and waving the flag of truce, was shot dead by a sentinel, who had orders from his cruel and cowardly employers to do so. On the murder of Mr. Furlong the people rushed forward to the attack, led on by a true-blooded Irishman, John Kelly, of Killan, who put himself at the head of 500 men. "The stout peasants now," says Gordon, "rushed headlong into the town, drove back the cavalry by slaughter on the infantry, seized the cannon, and being followed in their successful career by crowds from the hill, seemed some time masters of the town. From a full persuasion of a decided victory in favor of the rebel army, some officers of the garrison fled to Waterford, twelve miles distant with this alarming intelligence."

Thus the people would have recovered their own town with very little loss, but for that miserable vice of drunkenness, which now, thank God, is scarce heard of. "When the insurgents," says Hay, "had thus got possession of the town, they fell to plundering and drinking, on which they became so intent, that they could not be brought to follow up their advantage. In the meantime the army rallied on the Kilkenny side of the bridge, and although a retreat was before determined on, yet they were induced to return upon perceiving that there was no pursuit." The dispute continued with various fortune for about ten hours, and ended at two o'clock. It is needless to say that both sides being composed of Irishmen shed each other's blood bravely. What a wretched reflection to think that Irishmen in their own native land should be shedding one another's blood like gladiators, for the benefit or amusement of Englishmen, who are only actuated by views of policy and expediency, and have long since got rid of those prejudices that make Irishmen think it a duty to watch and kill each other like beasts of prey!

During the tussle in Ross, General Johnson had two horses killed under him. "He often exclaimed," says Musgrave, "to the fugitives whom he rallied, 'Will you desert your General?' without any effect; but when he added, 'AND YOUR COUNTRYMAN,' they gave three cheers and followed him."

How the English minister Pitt must have despised such men, though he found it expedient to use them? Eternal honor to the English, who, although they differ on all subjects, agree in this—that it is not their duty to murder each other for the benefit of Frenchmen. Of the action at Ross, Cloney says, "Had a regiment of fifty or sixty fresh and bold fellows arrived in the evening, the day was certainly ours." Of the intended evening attack, Musgrave says, "It is to be feared that it would have been fatal to the garrison, who were overcome with hunger and fatigue, and many of them had sunk into a state of obduracy and somnolency." He then adds, "It is very singular that the rebels never ventured to send a force round to penetrate at the north-gate end of the town, where they must have succeeded, as the main body of our troops were employed in defending it in the opposite direction."

A Van Wert, Ohio, couple, recently divorced, were walking out of the Court-room together, chatting about their separation, when the old lady suddenly, as if having forgotten something, said, "I say, old man, can't you treat to the beer?" "Of course," answered the liberated lord of creation, and off they jogged together to wash away the memory of the past in a glass of lager beer.

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